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Mother Goose

AND NURSERY RHYMES

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Mother Goose

AND NURSERY RHYMES

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Wood Engravings by Philip Reed

ATHENEUM ☙ *New York*

1966

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Library of Congress catalogue card number 63-7278
Published simultaneously in Canada by McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
Fourth Edition

Manufactured in the United States of America by A. & R. Roe

Bound by H. Wolff Book Bindery

Mother Goose
AND NURSERY RHYMES

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth, without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber.

There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down the stairs.

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in father's barn!

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

The tailor he shot, and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!
For our old sow is in a swoon;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Rub-a-dub-dub!
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker
The candle-stick maker;
Turn 'em out knaves all three!

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

I had a little nut tree; nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear.
The king of Spain's daughter came to see me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook, and shot a little duck,
Right through the middle of the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I could not but ask it,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;
And I will be with you by-and-by."

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so betwixt the two of them,
They licked the platter clean.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

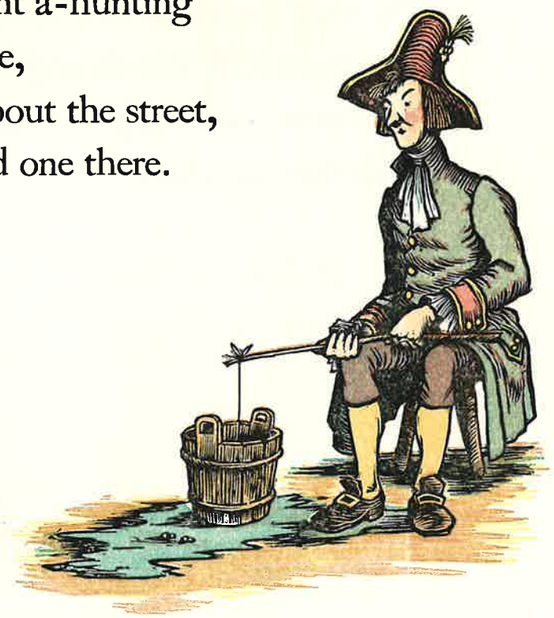
Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
Let me taste your ware.

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
Show me first your penny;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
Indeed I have not any.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But the wild duck flew away;
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

Simple Simon went a-hunting
For to catch a hare,
He rode a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.



He went to catch a dicky-bird,
And thought he could not fail
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon his tail.

He went to slide upon the ice
Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
Of Jack and his brother,
And now my story is done.

When the dew is on the grass,
Rain will never come to pass.

Cushy cow, bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.
Where is the little boy
Who looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack
Fast asleep.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the seas were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kiss'd the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four and twenty, that's enough.
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

Please to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

When I was a little boy
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I laid upon the shelf.
The rats and mice
They made such a strife,
That I was forced to go to town,
And buy me a wife.

The streets were so broad,
The lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall
Farewell wheelbarrow, wife and all.

There was a bee sat on a wall;
"Buzz," said the bee, and that was all.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

Fire! Fire! said the town crier;
Where? Where? said Goody Blair;
Down the town, said Goody Brown;
I'll go and see't, said Goody Fleet;
So will I, said Goody Fry.

There was a crow sat on a stone;
When he was gone, then there was none.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain cried "Quack! quack!"

I lost my mare in Lincoln Lane,
I'll never find her there again;
She lost a shoe,
And then lost two,
And threw her rider in the drain.

Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven.

There was an owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.

A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle!"

A little old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

Robin-a-Bobin bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon, and killed a crow.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddle-stick
And knows not what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddle-stick
Sing doodle-doodle-do!

See-saw, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

Eaper Weaper, chimney sweeper,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Had anover, didn't love her—
Up the chimney he did shove her!

Ladies and gentlemen come to supper:
Hot boiled beans and very good butter.

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds!

How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Aye, and back again!

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise;

For early to bed
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side
And if *ifs* and *ands* were pots and pans,
There'd be no work for tinkers!

My little old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about:
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.

Wine and cakes for gentlemen,
Hay and corn for horses,
A cup of ale for good old wives,
And kisses for young lasses.

Daffy-down-dilly has come to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And all things nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

When land is gone and money spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

The hart he loves the high wood,
The hare she loves the hill;
The knight he loves his bright sword,
The lady loves her will.

Pit, pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And practice drives me mad.

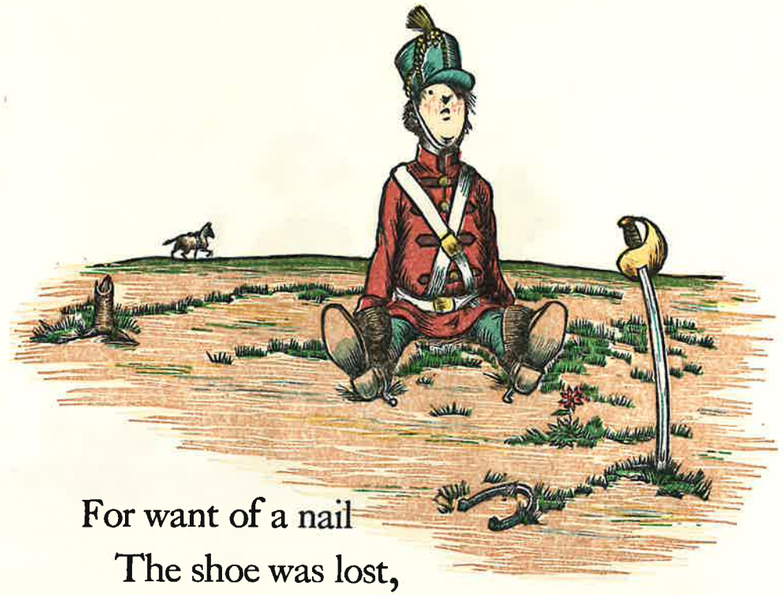
William McTrimbletoe,
He's a good fisherman,
Catches fishes,
Puts them in dishes,
Catches hens,
Puts them in pens;
Some lay eggs,
Some lay none,
William McTrimbletoe,
He doesn't eat one.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man.
So I will, master, as fast as I can.

Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And there'll be enough for Tommy and me.

Doctor Faustus was a good man.
He whipp'd his scholars now and then.
When he whipp'd them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again.

A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay.
An owl came out, and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.



For want of a nail
The shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe
The horse was lost,
For want of a horse
The rider was lost,
For want of a rider
The battle was lost,
For want of a battle
The kingdom was lost,
And all for the want
Of a horse shoe nail.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

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This book, hand-set in Caslon Old Face, was printed in many colors by A. & R. Roe, *Printers*, in Saint Joseph, Michigan. It was designed by Philip Reed.

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J 398.8 MOT 33708000009060
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